

ODDS AND ENDS

Picked Up by the Way On An Overland Trip from
Brooksville, Florida, to Mobile,
Alabama.

NIGHT'S TRAVEL BY STAGE

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]
MOBILE, ALA., March 23.—Business of a legal nature has called me here for a few days, and on my route from Brookville

to this point I picked up some information from the FREE PRESS-JOURNAL. However, this letter will be composed chiefly of odds and ends picked up by me.

I left Brooksville last Tuesday night on the South Florida stage line. There were six passengers aboard—two Kentuckians, a Tennesseean, South Carolinian, North Carolinian and Floridian: We were not only very much crowded, but booked for an all-night ride, and night staging is anything else but pleasant. The road for the most part of the way was very sandy, and had a plentiful supply of palmetto roots. We traveled at the rate of about three miles an hour, and the constant jolting occasioned by the palmetto roots prevented sleep and suggested "cuss words." Long before reaching our destination it was unanimously agreed that the two Kentuckians could double discount any of the other men-

reached Sumterville, a distance of 12 miles from Brooksville, at 4:30 in the morning. Here the South Carolinian and myself got off the stage, while the other members of the party rolled on to Wild Wood. We found the hotel at Sumterville full up and could not procure a room. The hotel was a small one, and the town was full of strangers. Procuring a large rocking-chair I slept until after daylight. Sumterville is now the county seat, and the new county building, the new county-seat was located at Leesburg. The new Court-house had just been finished in Leesburg. Sumterville is a neat frame building, and Sumterville now has 100 inhabitants, and since it has been made the county-seat has received a fresh impetus and a new significance. It is now a flat country with an abundance of sand, and few trees presents but few attractions. It is certainly

in great need of a good hotel. Panosot's lake is only two miles distant, and Panosot's Lake City is destined to be the largest town in this section. Procuring a horse and buggy, I left Sumterville at 2 p. m. and drove over to Wild Wood. When I reached there, to my surprise I found all of our passengers of the previous night. The stage had arrived too late for the train, and our friends were afforded the pleasure of spending the day in Wild Wood.

FOR A LONG TIME

Wild Wood was the terminus of the Peninsula division of the Transit Railroad; but

lately the road was extended to Leeburg and with this extension fall to the ground the hopes of Wild Wood. While there I had a very interesting conversation with Mr. J. M. Graham, proprietor of the South Florida State Line. He is a genial, pleasant gentleman, and is one of the boys who wore the gray. He was born in the county-seat of Marion county, Ocala was visited by a large fire a few months ago, which consumed the largest business portion of the town. He is a very energetic man, and of wonderful energy, and were not dismayed or disheartened. They went to work to rebuild the burnt district at once, and substantial brick buildings are now being put up and destroyed. At the time of the fire the Ocala house, a large brick building, had just been completed and furnished at a cost of about \$65,000. It was the largest building in the town and destroyed it, but Messrs. Brown & Frederick, the owners, made arrangements to rebuild it before the winter of 1905. There is no doubt that the fire has doubled the former size of the hotel, and will soon have completed the largest hotel in Florida. Mr. M. L. Thayer, who had leased the Ocala house from Messrs. Brown & Frederick, immediately after the fire, and the Ocala, a new hotel opposite the depot, it crossed its size, and be and his manager, Mr. M. L. Finch, will now hold forth there. There is a large hotel in the town, and will have charge of the new Ocala Hotel. Ocala now has a population of over 2,000, and is growing as rapidly as any town in the State. It is the largest city in Florida through it—the Florida Southern and the Peninsular and Tropical. Ocala is surrounded by a fine country, and is the outlet for the produce of the celebrated Silver Spring, eighteen miles from the beautiful Lake Weir, and the most

distance from the famous Orange Lake. The fertility Marion county is second only to Hendon.

AT ORANGE LAKE

The famous orange groves of Bishop and Harris are situated. James Harris, the owner of the grove at Orange Lake, knows as the "King of Orange." His oranges bring him in a yearly income from \$50,000 to \$75,000.

Lake Weir, the most beautiful lake, not only in Florida, but in all our sunny South land, has long been recognized as the sanitarium of Peninsular Florida. At an early date I shall furnish the COURIER-JOURNAL a full description of it. It is the home of Gen. Jesse F. Finley, Gen. Robert Bullock, Col. Adair, Eichelberger, "the Orange

"King," and of many other prominent gentlemen. Mr. L. W. Mann, the ticket agent, and telegraph operator, of the Florida and Gulf Coast railroad, placed me under obligations for his courtesy and kindness. I should also state that Ocala is a very beautiful city, and I had my first delight in speaking of Ocala as "the future city." It certainly has a bright future. From Ocala I took a train on the Florida and Gulf Coast railroad, to Jacksonville, which is distant from Ocala about 110 miles. While en route I had pleasant conversation with the conductor, Mr. J. W. Smith, and the Pullman sleeping-car Conductor J. B. Burkett. They are both courteous, nice gentlemen, and are attentive to their passengers. I left Ocala at 7 A. M. the next day, taking breakfast with me. I boarded a train on the Florida Central and Gulf Coast railroad, at Jacksonville, and rode through the farming section of Florida, and I jotted down in my notebook many notes of observations that I should make. I arrived at Pensacola at 12 o'clock at night, I remained there until next morning, and then came here, where you shall remain. The train on which I came is a very comfortable one, and I saw but no disagreeable Sunday morning, and as yet have I seen but no

of Mobile, the Gulf City. However, I made a note of the names of the persons who read the readers of the COURIER-JOURNAL, the result of my observations. I am pleasantly quartered at the Bay View Hotel.

T. M. SHACKLEFORD.

Carlisle and the Negro Girl.
[Boston Herald.]

An incident occurred the other evening one of the three-car cars which go from the Bay View Hotel to the city, which attracted my attention at the time, but which had occurred in the days before the war, would have been widely commented upon by the Boston Herald. It was the wall of a room, gentlemen and ladies, and Speaker Carlisle was sitting beside me looking very grave and thoughtful. I was looking at the wall of a room having accepted such a trying position in the Speaker of this Congress, when a young woman, probably a colored girl, came in and sat for her, and she grasped the strap, looking vainly around for a seat. There were none to be seen. She looked at the Speaker, and the Speaker, coming out of his meditation, saw her. He half rose to give her his place, when she turned her head and looked at the rest of us toward the rear of the car, made room for her beside himself, and motioned her to sit down. I was not the only one who noticed it, and

Tigers as Playthings. Abram Beteman, of San Francisco, has two tiger kittens that were recently shot across in an abandoned shaft of the Rosario mine, in Sonora. They were eight weeks old, and weigh thirty pounds apiece. Having been brought up as domestic kittens, they betray few signs of ferocity except when feeding, at which time they are unapproachably tame. They are usually kept in the back yard, but are often brought in the parlor and turned loose for the entertainment of the family. They are not in violation of their liberty by chasing one another, jumping over furniture and scattering ladies and children in every direction. When provoked, they will attack and climb to their owner's lap or sprawl on the sofa, and then purr contentedly until they fall asleep.

IN THE PARK MONCEAU.

There were many sources of diversion both great and small. Punch and seemed to reap a wonderful profit, but old man who sold bright-colored paper windmills reaped a poor one, for there was little wind to turn his wheel of fortune. There were pedestrians and equestrians without limit; one of the latter class, was mounted on a gay steed, wore a pair of light-gray gloves stitched upon the back

work more decayed gentlewomen than those who have been born to poverty; for those who were born of poor parents are generally put to learn trades, which, though none so well paid, still afford a better living. Those who were never obliged to learn a trade in youth, when reverses come are only able to do such work as this. You may be sure I tried to do better, yet you see me here, and when I have health and work. One of the greatest evils of this kind is, that it is a

Some of these grand people—Dukes, Earls and Countesses—seem to have a less appreciation of their names, less fear of dragging them into the mire, than common folk. But, after all, what is a lord? No definition is better than that given by Mirabeau, in the height and hurry of the great French revolution: "A man is a lord who calls himself a lord and succeeds."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER

only of the Federal city, but of the Capital itself, await the inspection of all those who have any doubts as to who located, laid out and built this city which is coming to be the marvel of the world; this century plant out here by the Father of his Country which is just now blossoming for the time.

THE PURPOSE OF OUR FEDERAL CAPITAL

which is the only protection of innocent life becomes utterly paralyzed, then there is a call for a revision of our methods and maxims, and the infusion of a new spirit into our laws. Every judge who will be as bold as the hair splitting devices of lawyers and insist that criminal trials shall be conducted with rigor and directness of purpose will deserve, and will be likely to win, the approval of his fellow citizens.

VENT BY SHOWERS OF SP

"Ah! this is Miss Hatch," said Mrs. G. "she has only been a spirit a short time. She is acquainted with some persons here."

Little was a very bright fellow for a Whig. I remember standing by him in a crowd while Roger A. Pryor drew a contrast between the magnificent style between Edward Everett and Joe Lane, then candidates for Vice President, greatly to the advantage of Lane. Now, Little was a Bell and Everett man. 'Little,' I said, 'isn't that splendid.' 'It's the most eloquent outrage I ever heard,' he replied, shutting his lips with a snap.¹⁷

ASPENDUSTORY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE COURIER-JOURNAL BY DR. H. A. MOODY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

He walked slowly to the hotel, as he passed the corner where the clerk stood, he received guests and attendants, and those who called him by name.

"There is an Irishman here, Mr. Owen, who says he knows you and wants to speak with you. He refused to leave any message; so I told him to wait. Yonder he sits by the heater."

Roscoe glanced in that direction, and immediately recognized the uninviting features and fiery hair of Mike.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" he asked. The man, who had been looking toward the main entrance, turned, in some surprise, and replied that he did.

"Follow me to my room, then," was Roscoe's command; and he turned and went up stairs, his visitor following with clumsy steps and at a respectful distance.

So they were in the chamber, and at Roscoe's bidding Mike closed the door. Roscoe took a seat by the table and invited the Irishman to be seated also, but the fellow would not be persuaded to sit, saying in reply to the repeated invitation: "Thank you, sir, but I don't mind standing." Then he fidgeted with his hands, as though searching for some memorandum of the subject concerning which he had come to speak.

"Well, Mike," said Roscoe, "it is the first time I have had a chance to thank you for something that we both remember. I hope you don't think I've forgotten it."

"No, indeed," said Roscoe, "I'll be glad to hear the story of it. Bill Ford the scoundrel caught the other night though; but he thought you was a spirit sure for certain, he was sure in his bunk with the striped tile was said in his bunk with the blanket over his head."

"That was a dirty job, Mike, though I owe you a good turn for helping me out of it. I'm afraid you're getting not much better, either, judging by what I saw the other night."

"Stair, sir, and that's true, jist. Divil a bit better."

"Well, I don't suppose I can help it any. I promised you a reward, you remember; and you can't get that, can you?"

The Irishman fidgeted with his hat again, as though seeking another memorandum; finally he said:

"Not jist that, sir, if ye please. Not that I'd say to a five-dollar bill, if ye have now handy, or mayhap a ten; but I've a good deal of the whole lot, and I'm not in the good, but harrum insid. Begorra, but Bill Ford would get over the fever in five minutes if he knew of it, jist to cut the throat of me, and I'm sure he would."

"What was it?" asked Roscoe, "I'm sure you were sincere in your whole expression."

Roscoe drew a roll of bills from his pocket and threw them on the table, saying: "Help yourself." Then he watched the Irishman with considerable curiosity to see what he would do with the money.

"My eyes lighted up," said Mike, "and he opened it. He looked at the roll and then at his dirty fingers, looking at them with a puzzled expression on his face."

"Mayhap there's more nor a hundred dollars here?" he asked.

"Two hundred and fifty odd," replied Roscoe. Finally the man took the money, drew out one bill at random, put it in his pocket without looking at it, and laid the remainder on the table.

"Divil dy awnyard me," said he, with a grin, "if that isn't the first time I ever put down another man's money, unless I was compelled."

"Why do you do so now?" queried Roscoe.

"That's what I'd like to know meself," replied Mike.

"Perhaps there's a streak of good in you, somewhere, that's making itself felt; as it did that night, you know," said Roscoe.

"I'm shure I am," said Mike. "Divil a bit," said he, "it's jist that I feel an interst look, because me jack knife did yez a good turn. But by ye have here's another thing I wish to stake about. Bill Ford's down with the fever, an' he keeps a-stairin' an' jumpin' about at every noise, lookin' for the clock of yez to agin. I'm sure, jist to quiet his mind, I've seen you, an' he would have nothing but I must say ye are a fine man, an' I'm shure ye are."

"That's what I brought me here, an' nowt else."

"And you want me to go and see the scoundrel just to quiet his mind and make him comfortable, eh?"

"Yis, jist," replied Mike coolly.

Roscoe gazed upon his visitor in open admiration.

"Mike, you'd be a treasure, if you only wasn't a rascal," he said. "Here you are actually asking me to go to the relief of the man who you say would cut your throat for money, and who has already tried to murder me for pay. By jove, though, I'm continuing to be a fool, and I'm shure I'm a fool."

"You're shure," said Roscoe, "but I'm shure you're a treasure, and I'm shure you're a treasure."

that d—n nurse back, Mike, and keep quiet; I'm going to sleep."

With this farewell, Mr. Bill Ford turned his face to the wall, and Roscoe, slightly indignant and wholly disgusted, returned to his hotel and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SUN HAD SET, and the long twilight was brooding like a benediction over the city, when Roscoe, impelled by a sense of duty and bound by his promise, forced his footsteps to bear him to the chamber of Maj. Carney.

Never before had his mind been so clear, and he felt that he was about to do his duty. He had obtained had dissipated the amethystic effect of exhaustion, and he comprehended and felt much more keenly than before his rest, the peculiar awkwardness and delicacy of his relations to the sick man and his wife.

Gladly would he, had it been possible, have turned his attention to the horrors of the poor and filthy negro, instead of going to the luxurious room of his friend, but duty and honor were inexorable, and ere the twilight faded he was in the chamber of Maj. Carney.

He entered the room, and the gas was already burning, though but dimly, and by its light he saw the patient lying in his chair close by the bedside of the patient, the nurse, she held a newspaper upon her lap, and had apparently been reading to him.

"Good evening, Owen," said the Major as he entered. "I am glad to see you. Mrs. Carney's arrival has cured me almost."

"But she takes the fever well, I'll pull her through, won't we?"

Roscoe expressed his pleasure at the improvement in the patient's condition. Then he took a chair near by and prepared to be entertained.

"I have had a most refreshing sleep," said the Major, "and I feel much better now. I have not a word of complaint, and I am now capable of any amount of night watching. We must not allow Mrs. Carney to squander her roses on this pestilential night."

"No, indeed," replied Major Carney, looking anxiously toward her; "there is a suite of rooms adjoining this, and I have arranged for her to stay there, so that she will not be a burden to you."

"I am glad to hear that," said Roscoe. "I shall be glad to see her, and I shall be glad to see her."

"Now that I am getting well again," said the Major, "I shall be glad to see her, and I shall be glad to see her."

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as little as possible during his visits. Their meeting, and especially the light, sarcastic tone and manner that had accompanied his parting words, had been cruelly painful to him. Still, he knew that his wife would know in her deepest soul that she loved him with a passionate fervor that terrified her by its intensity.

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Dr. Slade's Wonderful Revelations—A True, Impartial Statement. (Nashville World.)

Whatever may be the source and inspiration of the wonderful revelations which Dr. Slade has been making, it is certain that there can be little doubt in the minds of all fair and impartial visitors to his private sanatorium, that they are produced by no means of the ordinary kind.

He believes that his revelations are made through spiritual agencies, and he seems to be absolutely honest in the expression of such opinion. He is not a fanatical believer in the occult, and he is not a fanatical believer in the occult.

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should say deliberately, after the observation of years, that their industrial fault was, in laboring for themselves, a disposition to do too much on insufficient food. They were themselves too busy to eat, and they were themselves too busy to eat.

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AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. Consult Catalogues of Leading Seedmen. (To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)

Where and at what price can I get seed of the new variety, an account of which was given in a February number of the Courier-Journal? SHELBYVILLE, KY., March 21, 1884.

See Advertising Columns—Write to Manufacturers of Machinery. (To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)

I see in your issue of the 3d an article on the manufacture of most. Where can I get the picker named? E. H. STAFFORD, BRIGHTSVILLE, S. C., March 14, 1884.

Write to the Company. (To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)

Does the Dayton Hedge Company of Dayton, Ohio, make a patent? If it does, what is the character of the invention by which the work is done? TRENTON, TOLDO CO., KY., March 14, 1884.

Gardening in the South. (To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)

Where and at what price can I obtain the book entitled "White's Gardening for the South"? N. A. GARDNER, GHOVE, MISS., March 14, 1884.

Answer.—This book costs \$3.00. It is sent to the office of the COURIER-JOURNAL, and will be sent to you.

Bluegrass. (To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)

How many kinds of bluegrass are there? What kind of grass is best suited for yards? JOHN W. BROWN, OCEANA, WYOMING COUNTY, VA., March 17, 1884.

Answer.—The two that we have heard of are Kentucky bluegrass and Texas bluegrass. The former is the *Poa pratensis* and the latter the *Poa arachnoides* of the botanists.

Where the soil and climate are suited to its growth, the Kentucky bluegrass is comparable with Kentucky bluegrass for the purpose named.

Trichostema is a protectionist malady. Rice is recommended for young chickens.

ONE of the biggest frauds of the age is the counterfeit butter business. The principal Eastern cities are not satisfied with the present state of affairs.

JUNE or blue grass is desirable for lawns on account of its uniform growth and beautiful color. It takes longer to become established than most other grasses, but it also lives longer.

The Bombay Chamber of Commerce offers a bounty on the production of cotton. The bounty is \$100,000 for the production of cotton.

It seems that market gardening around the principal Eastern cities is not as satisfactory a business as it was before the war. This change is said to be due to Southern competition—a thing in this line unknown and unheard in the days of slavery.

A GERMAN paper states that the penetration of roots in drain tiles, which sometimes causes the water to run out of the tiles, is a serious problem.

NOTWITHSTANDING the low prices in England, Australian farmers are shipping grain to the United States in large quantities. In January, Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney and Queensland shipped 420,000 bushels of wheat and 800,000 bushels of flour.

The average value of the wheat was 25 cents per bushel, or \$4.32 per acre. This is more profitable than wheat or corn growing would be in the same land.

Madison and his Cabinet escape capture. The celebrated Hartford Convention was held in the year 1814—why is it that convention has become a reproach by the Democratic party?

It was in 1814 the two political parties in the United States were the Federalists and the Democrats. The Federalists in the main were opposed to the war of 1812, and the Democrats in the main were in favor of it.

This convention sat for three weeks with closed doors, and it was charged that the Democrats that the real object of the convention was to negotiate a separate treaty of peace on behalf of New England with Great Britain.

This charge the delegates to the convention warmly denied. The exact truth of the matter was discovered, the fears of the participants of threatened trials for treason closing their mouths. The treaty of Ghent, which was concluded December 14, 1814, prevented any action by the Hartford Convention.

The convention had assembled nine days before the treaty of peace between the two countries. The delegates to the Hartford Convention were all members of the Federal party, and they were all members of the Federal party.

Answer.—In 1883 (fiscal year) we imported \$723,180,914 worth of merchandise; in 1882, \$724,930,674, and in 1881, \$642,040,628. In 1883 the principal items were: Cotton, \$1,000,000,000; sugar, \$1,000,000,000; and other goods, \$1,000,000,000.

Answer.—The Government report for last year groups "Colorado and the Territories," the value of which was \$1,000,000,000. The value of Colorado is a million and a quarter to a half. The squaring of the circles is an impossible result.

Answer.—How much do we as a nation need of the Territory? The Territory is a vast area of land, and it is a vast area of land.

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